January 7th,
1797.

At length I have received your packet, and make *amende honorable* to all the *autorites constitutionnelles,* whom I suspected of having so long intercepted our correspondence. The volume of letters before me will exceed my time to-day, and even to-morrow, to answer fully, because I must indulge in the pleasure of reading them over and over *savourer* their contents. Some parts are quite unintelligible to me, as *I* have no cipher or key; for example, I puzzle my brains in vain to comprehend who Justinia and her Methodist aunt are.[1] I went to bed in despair, and lay awake I don't know how long without succeeding in finding it out, and am no wiser this morning.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux, whose cordial kindness to me I am apt to acknowledge in every letter, and there met Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun, lately returned from America. We renewed acquaintance very well. He is a very pleasant man, though a *diable boiteux.* He is moving heaven and earth to get employed by the

Directory. We had also my old friend St. Foix,

i This was intended for Justin, the young Marquis de Talaru, and his uncle l'Evêque de Coutances, who wished to be allowed to re-enter France from emigration.